

# MEDLEY QUEEN



## THE SHOW MUST GO ON

Emp-ty spa - ces, what are we liv - ing for, a - ban - doned pla - ces, I guess we know

— the score. On and on, does a - ny - bo - dy know what we are look - ing for? An - oth - er

he - ro, an - oth - er mind - less crime be - hind the cur - tain in the pan - to - mime,

hold the line, does a - ny - bo - dy want to take it a - ny more. The show must go on,

the show must go on. In - side my heart is break - ing, my

make - up may be flak - ing but my smile still stays on.

*10 Coda*

## WE WILL ROCK YOU

Bud - dy you're a boy make a big noise, pla - yin' in a street gon - na be a big man some day. You got

mud on yo' face, you big dis - grace. Kic - ckin your can all o - ver the place. Sing' in:

we will, we will rock you. We will, we will rock you.

Buddy you're a young man, hard man  
 Shouting in the street  
 gonna take on the world some day.  
 You got blood on yo' face, you big disgrace  
 Waving your banner all over the place.



We will we will rock you (*bis*)

## BOHEMIAN RAPSODY

	<p>Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy?          Caught in a landslide No escape from reality          Open your eyes Look up to the skies and see          I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy          Because I'm easy come, easy go          A little high, little low.          Anyway the wind blows, doesn't really matter to me, to me.</p>
	<p>Mama just <u>killed a man</u>,          Put a <u>gun</u> against his head, <u>pulled my trigger</u>, now he's <u>dead</u>.          Mama, life had just begun, but now I've gone and thrown it all away.          Mama, ooh, didn't mean to make you <u>cry</u>,          If I'm not back again this time tomorrow,          Carry on, <u>carry on</u> as if nothing really matters.</p> <p>Too <u>late</u>, my time has come,          Sends <u>shivers</u> down my spine, body's aching all the time.          Goodbye, ev'rybody, I've got to go, gotta leave you all behind and face the truth.          Mama, ooh, I don't want to <u>die</u>, I sometimes wish I'd never been <u>born</u> at all.</p>
	<p>I see a little silhouetto of a man,          Scaramouche, Scaramouche, will you do the Fandango.  <u>Thunderbolt and lightning</u>, very, very fright'ning me.          (Galileo.) Galileo. (Galileo.) Galileo, Galileo Figaro. Magnifico.          I'm just a poor boy and <u>nobody loves me</u>.          He's just a <u>poor boy</u> from a poor family,  <u>Spare him his life</u> from this monstrosity.</p> <p>Easy come, easy go, will you let me go.          Bismillah! No, we will not let you go.          (Let him go!) Bismillah! We will not let you go.(bis)          (Let me go.) Will not let you go.          (Let me go.) Will not let you go. (Let me go.) Ah.          No, no, no, no, no, no, no.          (Oh mama mia, mama mia.) Mama mia, let me go.          Beelzebub has a <u>devil</u> put aside for me, for me, for me.</p>
	<p>So you think you can stone me and spit in my eye.          So you think you can love me and leave me to die.          Oh, baby, can't do this to me, baby,  <u>Just gotta get out</u>, just gotta get right outta here.</p>
	<p><u>Nothing really matters</u>, anyone can see,          Nothing really matters, nothing really matters to me.</p> <p>Any way the wind blows.</p>